helpea her off the sail, gave her her hat and her waterproof, and tumbled myself into my own cost, while Aunt Damaris fought and struggled with her counct and cloak, and the bo'sin, in the doorway, stood roaring out: "It was Jim Balley who spied her first. We all lay hat night close to the gig—near to where you ladies was sittin' yesterday; Jim says he roused up, and took a look seaward, and spied her. Then he kicks us all roand, in his excitement, to rouse us up, singing out that there was a brig. We all jumped up, and there, sure enough, she was. We see her close to us, and black agin the faminess in the heast. She lies with her tau-sails and fore-sail clewed up, and port anchor down, waiting for daylight, I allow, to send a boat ashore. She's a small brig, bout two hundred tons. Her fore-topallan'-mast's gone, an' I reckon she's in ballast, by her height o' sine."

"Cut along to the others," I bawled to him. "See what they are about. Send a couple of hands in the sig to her—no! hold on with the gig! Get along and be with them. We'll be with you in a july!" and off he ran. I trembled with excitement, and had difficulty in speaking. Fresh as I was from nightmare, I could hardly yet realize the significance of the bo'sun's news, unless it was to rogard it as a continuation of my horrible visions, to be rendered by disappontment the most dreadful of them all. Within a few moments of the bo'sun's departure I had my sweetheart's and her acut's hands in mine in hot pursuit of him; hot in spirit, I mean, though, thanks to the cid lady, our less were miscrably slow. The light of the breaking day was thrilling into the gloom and brightwaing fast along the pure and cloudless sky above the cliffs, but their shadow was still upon their own loopes, and the darkness in the water yielded so slowly to the dawn that one would have thought it was down through this craggy hollow that the hag Night vanished when the flush of pink in the cast warned her that her was shir open her wow slowly to the dawn that one would have thought it was down through this craggy hollow that the hag Night vanished when the flush of pink in the east warned her that her reign was over. Carefully we had to pick our way, for rear of a fall. Was it my own or their pulse that throbbed in the clutch of my fingers? We had no word to say to one another; the moment we were clear of the hat I could see the men standing in a group on the breakwater, with their faces looking toward a part of the sea that the trend of the horn of cliff on our left made invisible to us; and they riveted my eyes. The bosun had just joined them in time to hear a hail from the vessel as I might judge by his holding up his arm and bawling out some answer; but what it was I could not catch. In a few minutes we were among the sailors, and then we saw the brig.

some answer; but what it was I could not catch. In a few minutes we were among the sailors, and then we saw the brig.

I looked at her, breathing fast, still holding the hands of the women. The rim of the sea was just showing above the water, flinging a glorious, sparkling beam through the rosy mist which the calm sea reflected from the sky that was burning with rose and gold above the luminary till the yellow reached the zenith, where it swelled into blue; and that beam seemed to come like a limining wand out of the cast to show us the brig, lying within musket-shot of the shore, beaving very softly upon the exceedingly light swell, and sending to our ears the sound of the flapping of canvas, and the music of running gear tautened and slackened in blocks by the rolling. Light she was and clearly in ballast; a round-bowed, clumsy old tim fer wagon, with a big oowport, a stump main-top-aliant-mast, her sails hanging in the clewitiaes, and evidence in a fragment of fore-top-gliant-mast standing jagged above the top-mast cross-trees of her having been in a mess of some kind or other. A couple of deck-houses showed above her bulwarks, and over betwixt the main-rigging and the fore deck-house was a knot of heads, with a fellow standing up, holding on to a shroud. To inderstand the feelings put into me, all by the sight of her, you need to be shipwrecked upon an island in the middle of the biggest ocean in the world, to have passed many hours in bitter, despairful contemplation of the future, and while not even daring to dream of a rescue to find all at once succor at hand. One saw the effect of it upon the the world, to have passed many hours in bitter, depairful contemplation of the future, and while not
even daring to dream of a rescue to find all at once
succor at hand. One saw the effect of it upon the
women; for several minutes Aunt Damar's and my
darling stood staring at the brig without speaking,
and I seemed to feel them thinking in the tremor
and the spasmodic clutchings of their fingers upon
mine; then, as if it had taken her that time to
understand the meaning of the vessel at anchor out
there, the old lady let go of me, clasped her hands
above her face, and uttered a dozen wild, extravagant exclamations of raptorous delight, which in
print would look sheer imbecility, though, God
knows, they were at appropriate to that moment as
a prayer is to a church. She threw her arms round
my neck, and hugged me without kissing, left me to
grasp the bo'sun's hands, shook hands with several
of the others, all the time calling out and thanking
God, and springing about in her old joy, and finally
threw herself into Florence's arms and stood spart
with her, both heartily crying; which was the best
thing they could do for the heart will be danger. threw herself into Florence's arms and stood apart with her, both heartily crying; which was the best thing they could do, for the heart will be danger-ously full at such moments as these. All this takes time to relate, but it happened quickly; and from me too the wonder and almost paralyzing joy the

TEMPORE DAILY TRIBUTE. SUNDAY. MARCH 23. 1884.—"WHELE MARCH 25. 1884

I gave the seaman my hand, saying: "I don't know what your story may be, but by bringing this brig here you're delivering us from a frightful position, as you may guess it to be if you east your eye around you, and we are thankful to Almighty God that you have come." And so saying, I shoek him hearthy by the hand, and was followed in that business by Aunt Damaris and Florence, whose thanks and tearful voices seemed to east what mind he had brought with him altogether adrift, and all he could do was to work away at his Scotch cap and matter something about it's being a stroke of lack both ways, "not one's more'n another's," and eye me dully. I knew this ma, by a glance at him, to be of a class of scamen who cannot talk without being questioned, so forthwith I began:

"What's your name, my man, so that I may know how to converse with you?"

"William Somers, sir." he replied.

"I suppose the bo sun has toid you aur story?"

"Yes, sir. Ye're a portion of the crew and passengers of the Strathmore, lost in a collision three hights agone, and was landed here yesterday morning."

"Ay, and what brig is that?" I gave the seaman my hand, saying: "I don't

"I suppose the bo'sun has told you aur story?"

"Yes, sir, Ye're a portion of the crew and passengers of the Strathmore, lost in a collision three nights agone, and was handed here yesterday morning."

"Ay, and what brig is that?"

"The Sarah Jane, sir; in ballast, bound from the Gape o' Good rlope to Weltungton, New-Zealand, from which port she sailed for Inbie Bay latter end o' August with a cargo of timber. Three weeks ago we was drove low south by a lurricane from the nor'east. We hove to under bare poies and drifted like a balloon, sir. Same night o' the gale a sea broke over the vessel and washed the capt in overboard, and he was drowned. It likewise broke the leg of a man by flinging him agia the lee bulwarks. It washed another man aft and indired him internally. Them two have been disabled ever since. There was a man ill at the time with some kind o' fever; he took worse arter the gale had blowed itself out, and died, and we buried him. Then liest week the mate—be's an only mate, sir—who'd been alling for some time, had to keep his bank; he's been too ill to navigate the brig, and I fear his time's nearly up, for there's no medicine abourd the wessel, and he don't seem to know what his complant is."

"He was many men are there to work the brig?"

He fell to comning on his fingers: "There war seven of a crew, hexeludin' the capt'n nod mate. Two ill and one gone, leaves four; one of 'em the cook who's no good aloft, and another a boy."

"Are you capable of navigating the vessel?"

"No, sir."

"The mate hoped we might find help. He'd heard of wessels calbin' here, and I frusted to get physic to do him good, likewise a couple of hands to assist in working the brig, and some one willin' to carry her to where she belongs—Wellungton, New-Zealand. He said there was no land mearer for hundreds and hundreds of miles. We've spoke only one wessel in five weeks—that were six days ago. She offered to take us off and tart he brig afairit, but I war agin that and so was the mate, and sine left ne, in a rare hurry, it l

under her port main-chains, which formed a convenient platform for the ladies, and by dint of lifting and hoisting we handed Florence and her annitover the side. The three fellews who had watched us coming pressed engerly around us. Their faces were full of astonishment; had we been widdly attired savages, such as had never been viewed in any part of the world before by mariners, their looks could not have expressed more amazement, that came very near, indeed, to an expression of incredulity. I at once asked which of them was the cook; whereupon the grimlest of the three, striking himself, answered, "Here, sir."

"William Somers," said I, "tells me that your late captain had a fowling-piece—do you know if there's any ammunition on board?"

"You ought to be able to tell the gem'man, Dick," exclaimed the cook, turning to one of the three, who

exclaimed the cook, turning to one of the three, who was a youth of about sixteen,

"A' knaw there's a goon," responded the boy;

"but a' can't say if there's ony pooder. I'll gan

"Haul away, then," cried the cook; and the boy

"Haul away, then," cried the cook; and the boy ran into the cabin.

This was a deck-house extending abaft the mainmast. I could prelly well guess the Sarah Jane's age from the vestiges which remained of what has once been a gaudy point to this structure, even now not innocent of gult, with little windows on either side a low door, like a small cottage, and a red curtain in each window, and some queer devices painted green, forming a sort of frame for the quaint, butch-like exterior. Past this deck-house, on either hand, went a narrow gangway; but from it to the house forward, where the men slept, was all clear deck, with a brig main-hatch, a little winch, and a couple of old brake-pumps. Such a tub of a ship as this I had never before stood upon: I doubt if her length was more than three and a half times her beam; she had bulwarks as high as my shoulder; there was scarcely a piece of timber belonging to her that did not resemble the outside of a mutin, with the holes of decay and hard usage in it; and it would have made any sailor laugh to look aloft at the yards and spars, which appeared to have belonged to vessels of different burden in their it; and it would have made any saitor laugh to look aloft at the yards and spars, which appeared to have belonged to vessels of different burden in their time. Nevertheless, when I feit that old deck under me, and saw the lonely island beyond litting its great slopes into the sky, and then thought of what might have been the take of the girl who stood near me, glauering from here to there at the brig, but for the intracle of this old hooker's arrival, my heart swelled with gratifiede, and not the prondest line-of-inattle ship that ever reared her majestic heights of canvas to the clouds could, at a time when all was well with me, have seemed so fair and noble an object in my sight as did this decayed, apple-bowed timber-box in the morning of our release from a period of bitter suffering, and of fears deeper than despair.

In a few minutes the boy returned with an old fowling-piece, a flask of powder and some bails, had found the ammunition in a locker in the tain's berth, he told us, in a voice of trimoph, sounded shrill with its north-country rattle.

"I suppose you have no fresh meat aboard?" said
I to the coo.

"I suppose you have no fresh meat aboard?" said I to the cook.

"Not an ounce, sir."

"Is there plenty of salt meat?" He answered, so much pork and so much beef, as near as he could guess, without overhauling the steres. "Then," said I, "it's plain enough we must lay in a stock of goat's flesh. What iresh water is there?"

Of this, fortunately, there was an abundance, a number of spare cashs baving been taken aboard at the Cape, and filed to serve as ballast. This, as I say, was most fortunate, for the labor of obtaining a store from the weils up the hills would have been enormous, and must have detained as three or four days. I now told the boy and the other scamen that they could jump into the gig with the fowling-piece, and go ashore, and help my men to kill as many goats as they could come at, and hunt for crabs and shell-fish, and whatever provisions the rocks yielded. The poor fellows were delighted with the chance of a run ashore, and tumbled briskly over the side. The cook looked as if he would like to join them, but I wished to have him aboard, to tell me about the rest of the stores, etc., and to get the cabin to rights for the ladies. Will somers also remained, and I asked him to step into the cabin where the mate lay, and ascertain how he was, and if he would speak with me, the returned, after a short absence, and said that the mate was very poorly indeed, but that he'd be glad if I'd see him. "The first question he asked," said Somers, "was if there's any chance of gettin' some medicine for his sickness; and when I shook my head and told him I was afraid there was nothen to be done in that way in this mucking ileyand, his jaw dropped, and it was pitiful to hear the groan heave."

The three of us followed the man into the deckhouse, which I found to be a very plain old interior, quite in keeping with the rest of the brig. There "She jumped it out of her in the storm, sir. Our two boats was smasned into staves. But that was all the nighty. We lost no sails."

The men, sitting, manching bisecuit and preserved meat, on the ground, listened eagerly. I glanced from them to Florence, who was icoking with pity at the rough seaman, and then said to him: 'Yours but her could jump into the gay was most fortunate, for the must have deathed using a store from the weils up the hills would have been a hard case, Somers; not harder than ours, the but hard enough, for fall that. But, God be praised, were both in luck. Here are hands enough to work that little hooker round the world, and im me, my lad, you behold as old fish at the sextant. But said to I cried, "it's more like a dream that the reality it a wonderful thing to come about! On, Shilling." I cried, "it's more like a dream that the reality it as see her there'; pointing to the brig.

"I felt it, Mr. Seymour." I felt it, sir," he exclaimed, just swallowing a mouthful of buscuit; "as I climbed over her side. Had the hayards I had grasped dissolved in my hands, and the brig as an actual property of the chance of a run ashore, and tumbled the chance of the stores, and the whole of the cabin where the dat-side which were any being a something to stand upon the lean against."

"And likewise may I say," exclaimed Somers, added the mean and the property of the subscinction, and the property of the subscinction, and the property of the subscinction, and the property of the subscinction of the cook to get a light, and looked them had been a hard case, sometry of the deck-house, the cooking date of four days. I now told the cook to get a light, and looked house, the cooking of the cook to get a light, and looked house, the cooking of the same that the cook to get a light, and looked house, the cooking of the cooking of

"Ay, said I;" and besides, I have the bosin of the Strathmore, a first-tate seaman. Don't trouble yourself about your mability to help me. I'm an old hand, and think I can show the Sarah Jane the road home. Meanwhile, pluck up heart, and hope for the best, and, depend upon it, that if help can be ob-tained the first of it shall be given to you." And so saying, I took his hand and pressed it, and left han.

CHAPTER XLV. WE LEAVE THE ISLAND.

I found the cook standing in the cabin door, and called him in to help me to arrange for the accommodation of Annt Damares and Florence. The argest of the three cabins was the captain's, next the mate's: there were two books in this room. along with a fixed washstand, a little table tha swang on hinges, and one or two other things of that kind, which made the little compartment look

"Now, Mr. Seymour," exclaimed Aunt Damaris. throwing down her cloak, and looking and talking with a great air of hearty, active bustle, "I'm not going to allow you to be our chambermaid; you have the brig, and the provisions, and a thousand matters to attend to, and Florence and I are quite able to make this cab'n comfortable for ourselves. Have you any clean blankets in this chip?" said she, addressing the cook, with the old pecking gest-

"Nought but what you see, missis," answered the cook, pointing to a blanket and rug in the upper

pose they can be washed and dried by and by," said the old lady, hauling them out and looking at them.

and then dropping them on to the deck. "I'll endeavor to wash them, if the cook can find me a tub and some soap," said Florence.

Haughed, and said: "Why, my darling, what do you think you could make of them with your little hands? No need for you to turn laundress yet, Florence. Besides, I suppose there's not much scap to be found going abourd the Sarah Jane; is there,

"I dunno as I could put my hand at once on piece," answered the cook; " but there ought to be bar or two knocking about somewheres, "Anyway, Miss Hawke," said L. "Pll leave you

for the present, while I take a look round. This cabin is not so comfortable as the Strathmore's, but it's better than the hut"; and, so saying, I left them, keeping silence about the desperate condition of the mute next door, for they could do him no good, and I wanted nothing sorrowful to come down again with its gloom to darken the hope and gladness which were shining bright in my darling's

hese which were shared beauty.

The little hatch that led into the lazaret was at the extreme after-end of the deck-house, and I told the cook to get a light, and go down, and make out a list of the provisions there, that we might too-

meng as, it would go bast if we did not here the left and them, and the poor mate aft clear of the dradful mess what did could them as the control of the dradful mess what did could them as such as the control of the could be a such as the could be a s

he come between us?"
"I don't bluck he will. I don't think he could."
she answered; and then said, "poor papa!" and
signed.
I folded my arms and leaned against the bul-

she answered; and then said, "poor papa?" and sighed.

I folded my arms and leaned against the bulwarks, looking at her. "I talk of getting home," said I, "but we have to reach Austrain first."

"Oh! are we going on to Austrain first."

"Why, yes; because, you see, the winds in those seas blow west, and I don't want to sail a theusand miles north to get a fair wind for the Cape. When we reach Austraina, arrangements may be made for you to stop with your anut a year or two, and what shall I do then? must I stay too? If I am ever to cail you my own, inseparably mine. Florence—my wife, indeel—how long shall I have to wait for that time to arrive? Oh, my darling do you know my outlook as regards you is like our outlook from that island yesterday—nothing but line weather in sight; no land, no ship, no promise of escape."

She was blushing as I talked thus; but girls have mighty good sense in sich matters as these, and she quietly took a hitch with the end of my inwing-tackle by saying; "Jack, let us reach Australia first, and then, dear, we will put our heads together"; which properly brought me up with a round turn; for, after all, there was no good jabbering about how we were to get married, and what her father would say, and what night happen when we reached Sydney or England, or whatever other country we might happen to fetch, till the island we were lying abreast of was as far astern as the coast we meant to aim for was then distant.

Besides, Aunt Damaris at that mongut came out of the cabin, to stop any further talk of that kind. You could see the high spirits she was in by her walk, that was haif a dance as she approached us "Oh!" she cried in a rapturous way, chasping her hands, with many a pecking gesture of her head. "What a wonderful deliverance! it is impossible to realize it in that house. Our cabin will do very well, Mr. Seymoar: Florence will take the top berth, for I cannot climb. If one of the sallors will wash the rag and blanket—and I daresay there are more to be had and washed—we shail be quite

"why, to Australia," I replied.
"Oh, pray, don't go to Australia, for my sake, if there's any nearer land. The nearest place where we can find a comfortable ship will be the best place to sail to."

I told her that Australia was as near as any other

I told her that Australia was as near as any other country, and I also explained why I chose it. "But," said I, "I don't trouble to think of fetching Australia in this old wagon. We must endeavor to sight a vessel and transfer ourselves to her, let her destination be what it will."

"Suppose," said s.e., "we don't sight a ship; will you be able to navigate this brig to Australia!"

"Why, yes, certainly. If I were not a sailor, I should no doubt be at a loss. You see, Miss Hawke, it's sometimes useful to have been at sea as a sailor.

"And to be in the company of a sailor when one is

"And to be in the company of a sailor when one is shipwrecked," said Florence.
"Oh, Mr. Jack," cried Aunt Damaris, effusively, grasping my hand; "yon are a dear, good fellow, what do we not owe you?"
"This," I repised, lifting Florence's hand.
"You have it," answered the old hady, promptly.
"Have I not told you se again and again. It is my affair now," she added, with a toss of the head, for which I could have kissed her; "and my brother will see the thing in its proper light when I explain."

My darling's sweet eyes peered up into mine as if she would say: "There, Jack, what more can you possibly want!" Just then comes William Somers, rolling out of

Just then comes William Somers, rolling out of the galley with a couple of hook-pots of course in his hands. We followed him into the cabin, and, by dirt of rummaging he precured some cups and saucers, ship's biscuit, most sugar, and a lump of cold salt junk. There was no mik, but for all that Florence and her aunt were glad of the hot course; and they even attacked the beef and the sea-bread, finding their appetite, now that the first deep excitement the news and sight of the brig had raised in them was gone, and, perhaps, guessing there might be some relish in the sait meat after the fat and insipid tinned stuff we had been living upon it did my heart good to see them eating and talking in that little cabin with something of the old life in their manner that they had aboard the Strathmore. While we were thus occupied, the cook came up out of the lazaret, rather scaring Florence by his slow, ghostly way of rising through the bit of a hatch. He was covered with perspiration, and agrimy as a sweep, with creeping and crawling; but the job was worth the trouble, for, from the report he made to me, and the figures he had set down on a piece of paper by the aid of his lamp, I could now

of the seven men should have sink her. The oars finshed in the sunsnine as they rose and fed, and I sprang on to the bulwarks to hall the ho'sm. "Bear a hand, men!" I bawled. "Let's got under way. We're sick of waiting. What have you got?" "Four dead gouts, and about half a ton of crabs and shell-fish," he shouted.

We're sick of wasting. What have you got?"

"Four dead goats, and about haif a ton of crabs and shell-itsh," he shouted.

The gig drove along ade, and it was indeed a sight to look into her. Crawling and wriggling about her bottom were some hundreds of crabs, many of them of great size, together with masses of shell-itsh of various descriptions, such as crawish, wheths, and what might have passed for them, himpets and cockles. Upon them lay four dead goats, meagrolooking annimals to be sure, with long beards and long horns. The men came clambering over the brig's side, leaving two hands in the gog; then the goats were hauled up, all the tubs that could be not stered brought along, and buckets passed over, which were fined with crabs and shell-itsh, drawn up, and emptied into the tubs. There looked, perhaps, to be more than there was; but, nevertheless there was a wonderful store, and I asked the bo'sun how on earth the men had managed to collect so great a quantity. He told me that he had put four men to the work while he and two others went a goat-hunting. In one part of the rocky beach there were poots and hollows full of crabs and crawlish, and many of the rocks were thick with impets and cockles. The mon stripped off their shirts to form bags, and in that manner carried quantities to the lock, which, said the bo'sun, he found half-full of crabs and cockles, when he and his mates came down with the goats. "Four was as many as I could knock over," he continued. "Twas a rare job to get nigh 'em. They seemed to smell ye if ye stirred, and, with a toss of the head, be on like a gale of wind. I wasted all my powder upon them four, and he, "after all's said and done, whether them beasts are worth the trouble o' chassing. I'll allow they're more hair nor meat, an' I rocken when ye've chucked their horns and bearus and ialis and hoofs out o' the calculation, there'il not be much sone to come at, though we should turn to and go on bining from now till we get home."

"Did you bring off the rest of our old stores?"

"A

" Did you bring off the rest of our old stores ?"

"Did you bring out the rest of our old stores?"
"Ar, sir, all that there was."
I pulled out my watch. "It's now a quarter to 2.5 said I. "send the men to dinner, will you, Shilling? they'd better dine out the old stores, to save time; and tell them not to be over long over it. I want to fetch Amsterdam Island before dark, if possible, to see if there be any of the Strathmore's people there."

The gig was now emptied, the two fellows tumbled up out of her; she was then hoisted aboard, and all hands went to dinner. Pleasant it was to hear their gruff voices tasking in the deck-house, and to see one and then another come out manching and looking up and around, and then re-entering the structure. It made one feel the reality of the brig and the sureness of the resence in a manner that one was scarcely sensible of when alone, and when the vessel was silent and the sound of the surf cond be heard. Aunt Damairs and Florence went about the decks looking at the crabs, which offered a emisous sight as they crawled and stirred in heaps in the tube; but, somehow, now that we were about to get under way, the sense of what we had come through and what we had escaped weighed upon me so heavily that I could think of nothing cise, and stood as a man in a deam, with my eyes fixed on the island. I know that my soul fell into a praver that was without words, when I put myself back in fancy upon that rocky summit, and magined the diskness round me, and the stars shuing into the hollows, and my sight despairfully yearning into the distant dimness of the mighty sea, and then reflected upon what the morning had brought, and how here we were now aboard a v. sel abundantly manned, and of bulk crough to tra isport us safely winthersoever we should take it rate our heads to steer her. It seemed too wonderful a stroke of fortune to be real, and yet there was that lone y island, terrible for us solitude, to assure it. It set my heart off at a gallop to see the sunshme flashing into the blue air of the cup, and the ranged slopes beyond going up dark against the glor ous Pacific azure, and to think that but for this bry we might have languished there for weeks and months, till our clothes fell in rags from our bodies, till sickness and suffering had thinned our little company, and left but two or three to look with dying eyes into each other's hollow have. The gig was now emptied, the two fellows tum-

To be Continued

A GRAVE SUBJECT.—Commander George N. Coffin has accepted the command of the Arodo relief steamer Alert. It is eminently proper that a Coffin should accompany an Arctin expedition; but is one coffin enough is (Norristown Herald.

"GIVE ME BACK MY DEAD," shricks a poet, Probably the editor "killed" some of his poetry.—(Philadelphia Call.